

The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle.

The Devil in The Lancashire Valley ( Colne ).

Auntie Nelly cautiously stepped out of her room and ventured down the hallway, following the haunting melody. The singing grew louder as she approached the staircase, beckoning her to explore its source. With a mix of trepidation and curiosity, she descended the creaking steps, each one echoing her heartbeat.

As she reached the ground floor, the ethereal voices seemed to surround her, resonating through the empty corridors of the converted factory. The atmosphere was electric, charged with an otherworldly energy that sent shivers down her spine. The singing seemed to draw her towards the church, just a stone's throw away from the factory.

Without hesitation, Auntie Nelly stepped outside into the cold, wintry night. The Lancashire Valley lay silent and dark, save for the distant glow of the munitions factory. The sounds of the choir grew stronger, compelling her to follow their celestial chorus.

She hurried through the village, her feet crunching on the frost-covered ground. The closer she got to the church, the more the singing enveloped her, captivating her senses. The doors of Holy Trinity Church Colne stood open, revealing a warm, golden light pouring out from within.

Auntie Nelly cautiously stepped inside the church, and her breath caught in her throat. The sight before her was breathtaking. The pews were filled with translucent figures, ethereal and radiant, their voices intertwining in a symphony of celestial beauty. She could hardly believe her eyes.

In the center of the congregation, stood a figure that radiated an aura of both majesty and darkness. It was a man, impeccably dressed in a black suit, his eyes gleaming with an enigmatic intensity. Auntie Nelly's heart skipped a beat as she realized she was in the presence of something otherworldly—a being that was neither angel nor mortal.

The figure turned towards her, his piercing gaze locking with hers. Auntie Nelly felt a mix of fear and fascination, unable to tear her eyes away. The mysterious entity spoke, his voice resonating with a captivating charm.

"Fear not, mortal," he said, his voice silky smooth yet tinged with an undercurrent of darkness. "You have been chosen to witness a convergence of realms, a glimpse into the extraordinary."

Auntie Nelly's voice trembled as she managed to respond, "Who... who are you?"

The figure smiled, a smile that held both secrets and promises. "I am known by many names, but in this place, I am the Devil of the Lancashire Valley."

A chill ran down Auntie Nelly's spine, but she couldn't tear herself away from the captivating presence of the Devil. She listened as he recounted tales of the Valley's forgotten folklore, of ancient spirits and hidden wonders that lay dormant beneath the mundane surface.

As the night wore on, the Devil's stories wove a tapestry of enchantment and mystery. Auntie Nelly was both entranced and disturbed by the revelations, her perception of the world forever altered. The ethereal choir continued to sing, their melodies lulling her into a trance-like state. As dawn approached, the Devil's voice grew faint, and the figures in the church began to fade. Auntie Nelly found herself alone, standing in the empty church, her mind swirling with a newfound understanding of the supernatural that surrounded her.

From that day forward, Auntie Nelly became a guardian of the Lancashire Valley's secrets, sharing her experiences with those who possessed an open mind and a yearning for the extraordinary. She continued her work at the munitions factory, but her nights were filled with the whispers of forgotten spirits and the echoes of the Devil's haunting melodies.

The Devil of the Lancashire Valley had chosen her, and Auntie Nelly embraced her role with a mix of trepidation and reverence. She had glimpsed a world beyond the mortal realm, and in doing so, she had become a bridge between the ordinary and the extraordinary—an embodiment

of the hidden magic that resided in the Lancashire Valley.  
By Donald Jay.